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THE influence and efficiency of this Society have been increasing with its growth and experience. Its history is not without tangible evidence that it has been following in the line of God's Providence, and has honored Him by what it has accomplished through His blessing. The advance step which has been taken in obtaining a charter opens the way to greater usefulness and gives a more permanent character to the organization. It now becomes a channel through which those who would bequeath of their substance may feel that they are making secure investments for the establishing of Christ's kingdom. No doubt there are some, we hope many, who are looking for just such an opportunity as is here offered, and by which they are invited to honor the Lord as good and faithful stewards. The change in the construction of the Board of management, by which more persons are to have a responsible part in the administration of its affairs, seems a wise and important one. It encourages organization, which is power, in the various subdivisions of the denomination, and brings each to be in vital connection with, and to form a part of the directing force of, the grand whole. This will tend to more perfect harmony and greater vigor in all our work. The more perfectly organized we are, the more thor-

oughly we are united in one, the more vital the love principle through all, the greater power shall we become in extending the blessings of the Christian religion.

THE sailing of Mr. and Mrs. Griffin occurred on the 20th of October, from New York City. A "good-bye" meeting was held in Dr. Ball's church, Buffalo, on Sabbath evening, the fourteenth. In connection with the conference exercises on the Sabbath evening previous, these dear friends said a few words, the impressions of which will continue to influence the hearts of those who listened to them.

Mr. Griffin said: "I do not leave this country, with all its priceless privileges, because I do not love it, — it is my native land. I do not leave my parents, my Christian brethren, and the church, because I do not love them all. I do not leave my two daughters ——" His was a father's heart, and the tears blinded his eyes, and many who looked up at him could not see, for the same cause. Not for these reasons was he to go to the hardships and deprivations before him, but because the *love of Christ* constrained him. Mrs. Griffin, with her face pale with suppressed emotion, asked us not to forget them, but to bear them often to the dear Father's throne.

There are hours of sublime heroism in the lives of many, but nowhere is it more touching and impressive than in the departure of our friends for years of service for the uplifting of humanity in a heathen land. May the winds and waves be calmed, may the pestilence that walketh in darkness be stayed, and these dear ones, with their two bright-faced little girls, reach their new home in safety. And may our love and interest for them and their work never fail, but be as a continual stream, to bless and support them.

THERE is food for thought and stimulus for prayerful action in the fact that at least 800,000 immigrants are coming to this country during this year. These distributed, may put one hun-

dred thousand in Nebraska and Dakota, another in four other states and territories, and so on.

The larger part of these foreign people will, no doubt, settle in the western and newer sections of the country. If we study the significance of this immigration, and its influence upon the institutions of our land, what may not be our duty?

WILL not all of our friends be getting ready to renew their subscriptions at an early date? It is confidently expected that the subscription list will be largely increased the coming year. Plans are maturing for greater efficiency in the various departments of the magazine, and it is hoped that it will be not one particle less interesting than it has been. Let agents and all others interested commence the work of increasing the size of their clubs at once. Get just as many to take this little messenger as possible, and let every one who will do so pay the price of a single subscription, fifty cents. Who will be the first to send their own name accompanied by many others? These are days of increasing light and knowledge.

"Sup with Me."

"And wilt Thou sup with me? My morsel hard,
My cup so bitter, that my hand would fain
Put it aside untasted; wilt Thou come
Into this lonely dwelling of my heart,
Whence earthly peace and joy have taken flight,
And left it desolate? Then come, sweet Guest!
There's room for Thee, for there are none beside;
And if the dwelling be not swept so clean,
Nor garnished as I fain would have it, Lord,
Do Thou forgive. And while Thou dwell'st with me,
Meeten and purify, and fit my soul
(E'en if with trouble, so it be Thy will),
To dwell in light hereafter, in that home
Where those Thou lovest shall sit down with Thee."

Wait—Patiently Wait.

[BY MRS. J. E. BURKHOLDER.]

IN the hurry and bustle of a busy life, in these days of steam and lightning, it is hard, very hard, to calmly, quietly *wait* to see the perfection of our plans.

When dark, angry clouds hang about our heads, when every word and act is misconstrued, although the monitor within whispers, you are right, still how quickly would our impatient hand brush aside every cloud, that the clear light might shine and show to the world that all is well; but no, the voice from above says, *wait*. God Himself teaches us this lesson, for has He not been waiting for ages to be understood by the world? While wise men wrangle over their pet theories, dogmatically stating facts, so called, God in His majesty has been waiting that *time* might turn the leaves of the great book of nature and so teach man the truth. He still waits for the accomplishment of plans formed in the early dawn of eternity. *This* is our example of patient waiting.

The forty years' desert wandering of the chosen people, was but to show them their weakness and unfitness for the promised blessings. With rashness they essayed to go forward, confident of success, but the voice from above spoke in unmistakable tones, "*not yet.*" In disgrace and in weakness their unwilling steps were turned back to the rough paths, until the appointed time arrived, then in the full strength of manhood they were worthy to possess the land of milk and honey.

When in the beginning of the struggle of life, a flood of light bathes every surrounding object in the richest hues, the blood bounding through every vein and artery, making life a joy and work a luxury, a noble career opens before the young man, and with restless longings he is eager to join his comrades who are pressing on from victory to victory. The race has been entered, every nerve is strained to its greatest tension, and the goal seems almost within his grasp. The world, too, cheers him on with its applause, saying he is in every way fit to fill a high destiny.

Suddenly his speed is checked, his hands hang paralyzed, he feels a gentle touch on his shoulder, a still small voice whispers in his ear, calling him aside. What appeared to him the all important work is dropped. There is a lull in his life.

The Great Master has something to say, some new lesson to impart.

There he lies on his bed of pain and suffering, restless still, and eager to be in the forefront of the strife. Mysterious, indeed, are these dealings, say all; he was so much needed, it cannot and must not be. These feelings find too ready a response in the breast of the stricken one. The faithful Teacher the while quietly sits by his side soothing his feverish brow, checking the frequent murmur which escapes his lips, telling him that after darkness the cloudless morning, after weakness renewed strength. As time passes on, he finds that other hands can work quite as skillfully, where he fancied his only could succeed. Hard was this lesson and bitter, and his proud heart rebelled, so again and yet again was the leaf turned back for the same task to be learned. By and by the chastened spirit in quiet submission yields and answers, "It is well, thy will and not mine." He who has so patiently watched him sees that the wormwood has turned to honey. The crucible fires have done their work and say it is enough. A bright, fresh page in the book of life is turned. The long waiting has brought its promised reward. He now mounts up on wings as eagles, he runs without weariness, he walks without faintness. The sore trial has been but the crown of loving kindnesses and tender mercies. Now is he truly equipped for a far more glorious career and a heavenly victory.

For the work in which we are engaged do we in an especial manner need the grace of patience. As our Heavenly Father deals with us so kindly and so gently, waiting long for the development of true manhood and womanhood, so in like manner do we need to deal with the weak ones He has placed in our charge. Too impatient do we become to see the fulfillment of our cherished plans, but God's finger seems not to point to the present as the chosen hour for the consummation of His designs. He would teach us to wait for His appointed time, "not as one has said, in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavor, always willing and fulfilling our task, that when the occasion comes we may be equal to the occasion. The talent of success being nothing more than doing what we can do well and doing well whatever we do, without a thought of fame."

A lump of cold inanimate clay is not what we are to mould into the image of the Divine One, but rather the strange and

wonderful human heart, the immortal soul tossed by tempests, driven hither and thither by doubts and fears. To these weary ones are we sent to speak the word in season and win them to the paths of peace.

Through the dark night our eyes grow dim with watching for the dawn. Patient toilers, faint not; once more lift the drooping head. Far in the East already the bright glow touches the mountain-tops, higher and higher yet the sun mounts the sky; soon, ah very soon, the bright rays will reach the dens of vice and cruelty, and the whole earth will be flooded with the glorious light of the Sun of Righteousness. Let us then work, watch, and wait.

BHIMPORE, July.

Patchwork.

IN an ancient Eastern city dwelt a king of wondrous power,
Whose domain was far-extending, and whose wealth grew hour by hour,
'Till he planned to build a temple, like the wise old king of yore,
That his fame might be eternal, and might sound from shore to shore.

So with gold and gems and ear-rings they built up the arches high,
But could find no painted window that could please the monarch's eye;
And a solemn proclamation was reëchoed far and wide
By his own right-royal heralds, and by prince and lord beside.

"Know ye," said the solemn message, "'tis the king's most gracious will
That a great reward be offered for the painter of most skill,
And whoever makes a window most artistic in design,
Shall receive a crown and kingdom which shall second be to mine."

So from all those wide dominions came the artists, one by one,
And they worked with care unceasing till the windows all were done,
And were lifted to their places in among the arches tall,
For the king to give his judgment which was grandest of them all.

But they had not counted rightly; there was still one empty space,
And there was no time to purchase a new window for the place,
When some one of them remembered a poor workman who, in fear,
Had begged the colored pieces of the crystal lying near;

And by patient cutting, fitting, using up each fragment small,
He had made a *patchwork window* that was plainest of them all;
And its many colored figures — every shape and size and style —
Made the workmen jeer and cavil, made the skillful artists smile.

But it must be used one evening, and amid so much beside
It would simply pass unnoticed, till its place could be supplied;

So they set it, like the others, in its frame of carvings rare —
For the king was then approaching, and the shouts rang through the air.

On he came, in all his glory, gazing up, on every hand,
At the saints and martyrs holy; at the old Apostles' band;
At the calm, sweet-faced Madonna, with her wondrous child and Lord;
And at angels bringing tidings with their white wings spread abroad.

But before the *patchwork window* paused the king in great amaze,
For the setting sun was shining with a rare and ruddy blaze
Through the scarred and criss-cross tracing, and he watched the sun-
beams pour

A hundred brilliant rainbows on the tessellated floor,

While the nave was filled with glory, with a splendor from on high,
And the people bowed in silence, for the Lord seemed passing by.
"Bring the artist!" cried the monarch; "his shall be the crown and
gold";

And the workman, humbly kneeling, gained a wealth and power untold.

From this legend, full of meaning, shall we not take courage now
That our work will be accepted, though it seems but poor to view?
In our weakness bring we offerings, prayer and labor, money, time,—
But at best we make but *patchwork* when we aim at deeds sublime.

But we know that in God's temple *all* our work shall find a place,
Though we mourn because our neighbors build with greater power and
grace;

But when through our patient life-work shines our heavenly Father's love,
It will glow with matchless beauty, and be fit for Heaven above.

— S. B. C., in *Life and Light*.

The bell used at Wellesley College is from an ancient Buddhist temple in Japan, and was presented by J. L. Graves, Esq., of Boston. The following is the translation of tablet and inscriptions, by D. T. Kuchi Ki:

Donor's tablet: Inscribed by Kame-da, Giver of bell to the Buddhist Temple, cast and engraved by Ko-ga-wa, Cu-ni-no-hi, in the eleventh year of the age Bunka.

Inscription: "The bell is the most important instrument in this temple, even as the soul is in the human being, for it awakens emotions of joy and grief, and more than this, it purifies the thoughts of the people. I was interested in the ministrations of this temple, so I collected cash for the bell. Ni-or-ai says: 'All my sorrow is expressed by the voice of the bell. When the wicked ones in hell hear its sound they forget for a time their torments, and, confessing their sins, pray to be received into Heaven. It also causes the devils to flee.' This caused me to have Ko-ga-wa make this bell, in memory of many rejoicing believers."—*Herald*.

Reminiscences.

[BY MRS. M. M. H. HILLS.]

(SECOND DECADE OF THE F. B. INDIA MISSION.)

WHILE the mission was being bereaved of the labors of Mr. Phillips, it is not strange that the hearts of the toilers left behind yearned for the return of Dr. Bachelier, who was still working among the home churches, while seeking to make provision for leaving his children. "We hear nothing lately," wrote one of them, "in regard to our dear Brother Bachelier's return to India. His three-years absence has already expired, and yet no move for Orissa. It is a great loss to our little mission to be deprived of one so eminently qualified for the work. He still lives in the hearts and affections of not only the native Christians, but of many who still bow down to worship idols. We often hear the inquiry from the heathen around us: 'When is Bachelier sahib coming back? Such a good sahib as he was.' He is so very quiet and unassuming, that it requires long and intimate acquaintance with him to be prepared to appreciate him. He does everything in such a quiet, unostentatious manner, that it adds much beauty to his character."

In view of the exigencies of the work at Jellalore and Santipore consequent on Mr. Phillips' departure, Mr. and Mrs. Smith cheerfully offered to leave their home in Balasore, to take charge of those stations till Mr. Covil's familiarity with the language should qualify him for that responsibility. In writing concerning this change, Mrs. Smith said: "We came to Jellalore the 25th of February, (1855). I could not leave Balasore without regretful feelings. There was my first home. During my two years' residence I had become attached to many of our native people, especially the school-girls, and to our dear missionary associates. But before this, we had sundered strong and tender ties, which I trust has prepared us to meet, with more firmness and strength, life's future crosses. Since coming here I have resumed the day school for the girls, which, of late, had been suspended. The native doctor has had the school for two years past, but he refused to keep it longer, for he thought two years were quite long enough for girls to be in school. Such is a native's idea of female education." This arrangement, while furnishing Mr.

Covil with a pleasant home, was at the expense of greatly weakening the Balasore station.

Nothing disheartened, however, Mr. Cooley, with the assistance of the native preachers, vigorously prosecuted his usual cold-season labors, scattering the good seed among the multitudes that gathered at the markets. Among the places visited was Jonadi, the native preachers having recently found inquirers there. But as these did not make their appearance, Mr. Cooley deemed it not wise to go at once to their houses. He soon learned, however, that on their being suspected of favoring the new religion, the Brahmins, as usual, reported all sorts of stories; one of which was, that the missionaries were able, by means of certain charms, to bewilder those who came to hear them, or remained long with them, so that they would become insane, and forsake their homes and families and the religion of their fathers. Mr. Cooley inquired of one of his hearers, the village school-teacher, if he thought the people would be better if the religion the missionaries preached was universally believed and obeyed. He unhesitatingly answered, "Yes." "Then it must be true," said Mr. Cooley, "for only true religion can make people better, and Hinduism must be false, for the longer people obey it, the worse they become. This fact your teachers and pundits admit. Evidently the people were less wicked in the early ages of this country than at the present time, and, besides, there is less wickedness among the hill tribes, who know but little about your shasters. The Brahmins, also, were much more moral than now. . . . Native-like, he sought to evade the force of the facts, by changing the subject. He said they had not forsaken their sins, and asked me if I had forsaken mine. I answered, no one can be a true Christian without forsaking his sins—that was the first step in becoming a Christian. He repeated his question, asking if I had forsaken my sins. I said it was not considered becoming for one to proclaim his own holiness, others might testify to that, but I had forsaken my sins. 'No,' said he, 'you have not forsaken your sins. I know that you are a great sinner, for I have seen your sins.' I could but smile at his impudence, and replied, 'This is the first time you have seen me, and what

sins have you seen?' 'Why, I have just seen a man carrying two chickens for your dinner, and it is a great sin for you to have such things done. As you can't give life, it is a great sin for you to take it.' I asked, is the taking of the life of any animal a sin? 'Yes,' said he. I asked, should you see a cobra capella coming into the room where yourself and family are, would you try to kill it? 'Of course I would, for if I did not, it would most likely kill us, and it would be no sin to take life under such circumstances.' Who made the beasts of the field? 'God.' Does not the bear live by destroying the lives of weaker animals? 'Yes.' Could he live without? 'No; for that is his food; so of the fish of the sea, the stronger prey on the weaker.' Many of the animals, I said, were undoubtedly made to be food for man. But while the Bible prohibits taking the life of man, it nowhere forbids taking the life of animals. Hinduism makes the doing of many things sin which God does not, and overlooks what God makes sin to consist in,—the violation of His law,—which shows that it puts darkness for light, and light for darkness.' Notwithstanding the opposing influences, Mr. Cooley had an excellent hearing, and was much encouraged in the belief that fruit would hereafter appear.

In the spring of 1855, the Balasore station was still further weakened by the removal of its excellent English magistrate, Mr. Woodcock, to another post, hundreds of miles distant. He had been a very warm friend and benefactor of the mission, and the services he rendered it should be held in grateful remembrance by its supporters. The missionaries in much sadness mourned his departure.

ARE you doing all for Jesus
That the Master bids you do?
Helping bear another's burden
With an aid substantial, true?

Are you pointing any sister,
Walking in the gloom of night,
Poor, degraded, without knowledge,
Up to God, and Heaven, and light?

Are you using any talent,
Kindly lent to you, while here,
To advance the glorious kingdom
Of the God you love and fear?

—*Lutheran Missionary Journal.*

Annual Meeting.

PRECEDING the General Conference of the Free Baptists at Minneapolis, Minn., was a convention of several Baptist denominations holding open communion views. It is hoped that the time is at hand when these several divisions of the Christian church will become united in missionary endeavor. Several of our representative workers were privileged to attend. A paper regarding Union in Woman's Work, and one inviting cooperation in the support of the MISSIONARY HELPER were presented by Mrs. Griffin and Mrs. Brewster. The spirit of the divine Lord who desired that all His people shall be one, was manifest in the exercises and deliberations of this convention, and heart blended with heart and felt the benediction of the Father's presence.

The annual meeting of the Society had been anticipated with many an anxious thought and earnest prayer. It was to bring together to clasp hands and to look into each other's faces those who had known each other by name, and who loved Christ's service and were at work for the coming of His kingdom. From the East to the far West came those who had been chosen to represent the various branches of the work, and others who bore with them good wishes and prayerful sympathy. It was on Friday, 4th of the matchless month of October, that the pleasant church of Minneapolis opened its doors and for the first time received the Woman's Missionary Society, the child of the East, which, tired of staying at home, had come to this broad and hospitable section to celebrate its tenth anniversary among its friends. Over the door, in letters not to be mistaken, was a cordial "Welcome."

Our esteemed president, Mrs. Burlingame, of Rhode Island, called the meeting to order, and presided over all the sessions with her usual ability. Mrs. Wade, of Maine, who draws all hearts to her, in her quiet, winning manner led the devotions, which opened with singing "I need Thee every hour." As the secretary, Mrs. Tourtelott, brought page after page of the work of the year in review before us, there were reminders of the progress that had been made and of the stepping up to a broader plane of activity.

The treasurer's report, made for eleven months, showed that the work undertaken for the year had been receiving the attention of the friends of the dear cause, and we could

rejoice that no debt would hang over us like a cloud. Death has been busy in our ranks, taking one here and another there of the "workers." The report showed us that to some of these we were indebted for proofs of their love in the legacies which have enriched our treasury.

The more public anniversary is always looked forward to with interest. This year it had added significance, since it celebrated our decennial year. On Saturday evening the audience-room was filled at an early hour, many of the delegates of the Conference finding it pleasant to become listeners, after weary days of business. Loving hands had made the platform attractive.

With bowed heads and united heart the audience repeated the Lord's Prayer, and the hymn, "I will sing of my Redeemer," was sung. Extracts from the report of the foreign secretary, Mrs. Lowell, were given, which showed that the workers in the harvest-fields had been very busy, and that the calls were never growing less for those whom God calls to "publish glad tidings." Mrs. Dr. Durgin, of Hillsdale, read extracts from the home secretaries' reports, giving a glance at the work done in the auxiliaries and churches. These reports had many encouraging features. They will appear next month in our supplement.

The decennial paper was presented by our faithful assistant treasurer, Mrs. Waterman. She took us back to the memorable days when in God's own time the Society had its birth, and brought us gently along successive steps of the way to this good hour. Many have made its interests their own, have borne it upon their hearts and carried it heavenward by their prayers. It was evident that God had wonderfully preserved, blessed, and prospered this Society.

It was a privilege to all that Mrs. Griffin could spend a few of these last days with us before sailing for India. With a face beaming, she quietly described to us a day's work in her life as a zenana missionary, and forcibly impressed the importance of not forgetting those whom we had let go as our representatives into the privations of a life among idolatry and ignorance. With an appealing tone, she described a night's experience as she walked the veranda of her house, under the light of the stars, waiting for the help from America which would prevent the closing of several of her schools. None of us will forget her, and, we trust, not one of her needs.

The president followed in a brief address. She urged to

constant, faithful effort ; to look on the cheerful side, and to take a broad view of our position and the importance of our work for the future. Her portraiture was pleasing and her words inspiring.

On Monday afternoon was a precious season, when was held a Missionary Experience meeting. There came together Daughters of the King from widely separated sections, with hearts all aglow with love to the Lord their Redeemer. Upon some was the saintly halo of long years of experience and toil, upon others the hopefulness of earlier years, but upon all the seal of adoption. Mrs. Smith, of Nebraska, an earnest, consecrated woman, led the devotions, and then followed a free interchange of thought. One spoke of the seed adapted to the soil given her to cultivate. Another, of the value of some special object to love and support. Another, of the precious work among bands of children. One brought out forcibly the need of instruction in regard to the Bible duty of spreading the Gospel, and of the blessedness which came to her soul in having a part in the grand work, though alone on the broad prairie and subject to deprivations. Some had only a brief word which voiced a love in the heart for Christ and His service. The minutes flew by uncounted and we seemed near Heaven in the gathering twilight.

There were meetings for business, when questions bearing upon organization, upon plans and methods of work, were discussed, resolutions and recommendations adopted, and committees chosen. The Home Mission work and the relation of the Western auxiliaries to the Society received especial attention, and was made a prominent feature of the session.

Letters of greeting were received from Mrs. Eaton, of Vermont, and Mrs. V. G. Ramsey, of Maine.

It is not best to wait to put flowers upon the memory, but while the workers are with us to cheer and encourage them. So greetings were sent, through Mrs. Bradbury of R. I., to Mrs. M. M. H. Hills, and our recognition of her long and devoted service in the cause of missions. For the same reason the warmest response was given to the resolution which brought to mind the ten years' untiring labor, watchful care, and adherence to her convictions of right of our treasurer.

A pleasant incident was the presentation of a gold watch to Mrs. Griffin, a gift especially prized because of its need and value to her in her work. It bore the inscription inside its

plain case: "To Mrs. L. C. Griffin, from the ladies of the Free Baptist General Conference of 1883." With emotion she said, "Dear sisters: your valuable present is most precious, because of the friendship and love of which it speaks; a friendship and love for which I am most grateful. I thank you, and may God bless you all."

We leave this beautiful city of the West, rejoicing in the privilege of meeting the dear sisters whose hearts are so cordial, and whose kindness will long be remembered. We scatter to our various places of labor and responsibilities. The future is all unseen, but God will lead each according to His own good pleasure. The fields are opening, the calls are urgent, the need of the baptism for greater usefulness is deeply felt.

M.

Memory Thoughts.

AT the memorial service held on Sabbath afternoon by the General Conference which convened at Minneapolis, Minn., the Rev. A. H. Morrill, of Rhode Island, suggested that something ought to be said in regard to the life-work of the many heroic, sacrificing women in connection with our work. Others gave a hearty response to the suggestion. Mrs. Griffin said she would like to mention one name that was much beloved by us all for the noble work she had done in heathen lands. It was that of Miss Lovina Crawford. She spoke of the cheerful sacrificing spirit which ever actuated her, and gave an instance of her self-denial of which she was cognizant. It was that of spending money she absolutely needed for necessary clothing, for the advancement of her schools. And when asked what she would do when she became old and needed support, without husband, father, or brother, if she thus spent her means, made reply that God had always cared for her and she would trust Him now, and that she lived in hopes that her Father would call her away in such a manner as not to incur expense either through sickness or burial. Her loving Father granted her request. President Durgin presented the name of Mrs. Frankie Millard Lawrence, and spoke of the noble work done by her in India. The interest manifested by the whole conference in these two sisters, showed plainly how dearly beloved and appreciated their memories are by their many friends. And, indeed, who has followed more closely in the footsteps of our Saviour than these dear sisters?

F. McK.

The Legend of Juggernaut.

JUGGERNAUT, properly Jagannáth, "the Lord of the world," an incarnation of Vishnu—is of comparatively modern date as the deity worshiped in Orissa. His first historical appearance was in the year 318 A. D., but legends respecting him go back for millions of years, running thus: Far back in the golden age, the great King Indradyumna ruled at Malwa. Vishnu, the Preserver, had vanished from the earth, and the king sent Brahmins in every direction to find the deity. Those who went to the north and the east and the west came back with no tidings. The one sent to the south returned not. He had journeyed through the great jungle till he came to Orissa. Here he became the guest of Básu, a fowler of the wilderness, who, thinking it a great honor to have a Brahmin in his tribe, gave him his daughter for wife, and detained him in honorable captivity. Básu was a servant of Jagannáth, and daily went to the jungle to offer fruits and flowers to his god. The Brahmin at length prevailed upon his father-in-law to conduct him to the holy place. His eyes were blindfolded as he went. When they were uncovered he beheld the deity in the form of a shapeless mass of blue stone lying at the foot of the sacred fig-tree. Básu went away to gather flowers, when a voice from heaven fell upon the ear of the Brahmin. "Go and carry to thy king the good news that thou hast found the Lord of the world." The fowler came back with his offering of fruits and flowers, but the deity did not as he was wont appear to receive them; only a voice was heard saying, "Oh faithful servant, I am wearied of thy jungle fruits and flowers, and crave for cooked rice and sweetmeats. No longer shalt thou see me in the form of thy blue god. Hereafter I shall be known as the Lord of the world."

The Brahmin returned to Malwa with the good tidings that he had found the Lord of the world. King Indradyumna gathered an army of 1,300,000 footmen, and wood-cutters without number, to hew a way through the vast jungle. After journeying eight hundred miles they came to the spot, and beheld the blue stone under the sacred fig-tree. The monarch's heart swelled with pride. "Who is like unto me," he said, "whom the Lord of the world has chosen to build his temple?"

Then a voice from the sky replied, "Oh King, thou shalt indeed build my temple, but me thou shalt not behold. When it is finished, then shalt thou seek anew for thy god," then the blue stone vanished forever from the earth. The king built the temple and it was consecrated by the Brahmin.

A Glimpse at the Missionary's Side.

"MOTHER, are you going to another missionary-meeting to-day?"

"Yes, my dear, do you not think it best?"

"Well, now, mother, you know you have lots of work to do; and if you go to the meeting it will take nearly a day, and the next day you will have a headache, and extra work to do. Besides, I shall be real lonely without you."

"You will hardly be lonely with three persons in the house; and as for the work,—well, I shall have to look to God for strength according to my day."

"But, mother, I should like to know who pays all the money that it costs. Who pays the car-fare? Who buys the new gloves and boots and good dresses, so that you can look nicely when you stand up before the people? I wish you could take me just one time, so I can see how my mother looks in the pulpit. You know, mother, that you and I have always planned together; and why not look this matter through, and see just how much it costs, and how much worse off you are after attending a meeting? Tell me some of your experiences, that we may the better understand it."

"Very well, my dear; but you know this is not a matter we publish abroad. These meetings are a part of the machinery necessary to interest people in carrying out the command of the Lord. And the difficulties attending them will, no doubt, in time be cleared away. At present there is a deal of crudeness in their management. At one time I was called to X., N. Y. I traveled all day, and reached Albany too late to make connections, so was obliged to remain there until morning. I had heard only of the Delevan House; but, supposing that to be an expensive place, I asked the conductor of the train to recommend to me a moderate-priced but respectable hotel. I went to the one he mentioned, took a tea of low-priced articles, mounted to my room, a small one with no outside window, and went to bed at seven o'clock on a summer's evening. Early next morning I was on my way, and reached the place in time for the meeting. A lady interested in home missions was there to represent that work; and, after we had both spoken, a collection was taken amounting to six dollars, three of which were given to the home mission lady and three to me. I expended eleven dollars in reaching the place.

"Another time, I was exceedingly busy cleaning house, and had carpets up, window-shades down, and everything in confusion, but hoping that all would be reduced to order by Saturday night. The door-bell rang, and who should appear but Mrs. Elwin and Mrs. Charles to see me. I smoothed my hair, put on a clean tie, and ran down stairs to welcome them. They were full of trouble about their missionary meeting. It had been extensively advertised, and speakers announced. Now, at the last moment, the speakers could not be present; and would I help them?"

"How could I? I had not a moment to spare. Every hour had its allotted task; and there was no use trying to make another hour out of the twenty-four, nor could I reasonably expect more than usual strength. 'But they would do anything for me,' they said. 'They would put down carpets, put up curtains, or anything else.' Out of sympathy for their dilemma, I consented to go. But my gloves were all ragged, and I must have a new pair. My neckties were worn out; and, to be presentable, a new one must be bought. I comforted myself with the thought that no doubt the gratitude of the ladies would take a practical turn, and with the money they gave me I would hire Mrs. McCarthy to help me with carpets and cleaning paint. So with my new gloves and tie, I attended the meeting. The interest was real, no doubt, as the ladies present wept pretty, pearly tears on fine, embroidered handkerchiefs. Mrs. Elwin said she never had attended a more healthful meeting; she knew great and lasting good had been done. The contribution taken was nearly thirty dollars. But alas! they did not even pay my car-fares; and I went home a sadder, if not a wiser, woman. Now, I must do two days' work in one, and have many bitter thoughts for my companions."

"But mother, why will you do it? Why not say *no* so decidedly that there will be no use urging you?"

"Because, years ago, I gave my soul and body to the work of foreign missions, to do what I can while life shall last. When I have been on foreign shores, I have loved to do to the extent of my ability. Now that I am at home for a time, I see a great many persons who are not interested, or but slightly so, who could, if they would, be a great power for good in the Lord's cause. If I can do anything here to interest and stir to activity these Christians, it is a privilege, a part of the work to which I have given my life. So, while I can in

any way afford it, I shall continue my work. That others do not do their duty is not a reason why I should neglect mine. No doubt some people think I have a salary from the general society, and thus my time is at their disposal free of charge.

"One more incident I will give you, and then we must give our minds to other subjects. I was called by a most devoted lady to a far distant state to help her in a number of meetings, as the missionary interest in her state had well-nigh died out. You remember my going last spring, and the pies and cookies and bread I made to lighten your household duties while I was away, and what a headache I had the morning I left for New York, and the promise you required of me that I would take a drawing-room car, so as to sleep, if I could, on the way. The next ten days I attended fourteen meetings, slept every night in a different town or city, was entertained by friends who wanted I should talk to them of missionary life until a late hour at night. I returned with a heavy cold and sore throat, bonnet nearly ruined by being caught in a severe rain-storm, bottom of my dress needing a deal of repair, and, as you expressed it, 'thoroughly dilapidated, and needing immediate attention.' That night, after you had gone to bed, I counted up my money to see if I had received as much as I had expended, and found myself out of pocket eight dollars."

"Well, mother, in my opinion you are not called upon to do so much more than others; and, while you are at home to rest, I beg you to rest, and if you must return, I will try to be patient and bear your absence. But to see you wearing yourself out here in this Christian land to interest people who ought to be interested on principle, is a little too hard to endure."

"My child, I know you wish me to be faithful to my Lord and Master, helping in every way in the cause so dear to Him. Let us pray that all Christians may understand their duty and privilege in this matter. Then, much less of this kind of service will be needed, and that which is rendered will be made easier and receive its just recompense." — *The Helping Hand.*

In Turkey, where a few years ago men yoked their wives with oxen, the course of study in some of the colleges for the education of women compares favorably with that of similar institutions in America. One of the girls who graduated from Harpoot Seminary is making a concordance of the Bible in modern Armenian.

Correspondence.

[FROM DR. J. L. PHILLIPS.]

A WITNESSING WOMAN.

TWELVE years ago this month I baptized a truly wonderful woman, by the name of Chandra Lilāvati. She was a Brahman widow, and a native of Nepal. Her story was a very interesting one, and I often told it while doing deputation work at home. Her conversion may be chiefly attributed to the faithful efforts of one of our orphan girls, who was just beginning to use her lips for her Redeemer. This widow, who had roamed from shrine to shrine, well-nigh all over India on foot, who had herself been an object of worship to adoring crowds that took the dust from the soles of her feet and went away with her blessing; who had long looked in vain for forgiveness of sin and peace of mind, learned from this child's lips of Jesus' love, and opened her heart to Him.

In the summer of 1871, it was my privilege to baptize Chandra in the presence of some of her Hindu friends. Her eager habit was seen in her at once going from house to house, telling of her new-found joys. "*I must go to every house where I've received the people, and confess my sin, then tell them of the blessed Jesus who has pardoned me.*" Notwithstanding marked physical debility, and no less marked infirmities of mind and heart, our sister has been true, during these twelve years, to the purpose she so resolutely formed when she made a public profession of her faith in Christ. Wherever she has gone her testimony has been constant, and always earnest.

Chandra is by no means a learned woman, but she has enough of several languages — Bengali, Oriya, and Hindi, besides her native tongue, to enable her to read the Bible with intelligent interest. She carries the sacred Scriptures with her wherever she goes, and makes it her business to expound them to all people. She has a wonderfully correct idea of the Bible for one who has studied it so short a time, and mostly alone. Once, for a few weeks she belonged to one of my classes, but her roving nature, long ago developed, proved too strong for steady habits of study. Becoming a widow at twelve, she had roamed about full twenty-three years when we found her, and when she dropped Krishna and the *Shaster* for Christ and His Bible, she would roam on as before.

When I went home on furlough I took some of Chandra's gods with me, the most of which were left in the Missionary Museum of Bates College. Her little brass Krishna and *Sâlâgrâw* (Jagannâth's soul) traveled thousands of miles in my pockets while on lecturing tours. She had quite an assortment of idols, and when first seen by our school-girl she was holding *poofah* by the road-side.

The chief feature of Chandra's Christian life has been her faithfulness as a witness for the truth. We hear of her work in many places. Away up in Delhi, last December, I was told by missionary ladies what a help she had been to them in the zenanas and the *Melas*. At Lucknow I found she had rendered good service, and greatly cheered the Christians. Never a bad report of her do we receive ; always something cheering.

It was two years ago, I think, that a missionary at Monghyr wrote me, asking if Chandra's strange story was true. I promptly answered that it was, and that she could be fully trusted. She fell ill up there on the Ganges, among strangers, but made many friends. When well enough to travel on, the Europeans and native Christians made up something of a purse to help her on. She accepted just money enough to get her on to the next place, returning all the rest, and saying : "*I don't work for money, but for Jesus Christ, my Lord.*" She usually walks from place to place, but accepts railway-tickets when offered her by friends.

The other day I was dining with the Church of England zenana ladies, in Calcutta, and one said : "Your dear good saint, Chandra, reached Burdnan just in time to help my sister with a trying case, and it was such a comfort." Like Phœbe, the deaconess of the church in Cenchrea, our Chandra had been "*a succorer of many.*" May God grant our dear India many of like spirit, true witnessing women, holding forth the word of life to their benighted countrymen.

MIDNAPORE, INDIA.

[FROM MISS COOMBS.]

[EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER TO HER BROTHER.]

Well, if you could see me now, I am not sure which feeling would be uppermost with you, joy, sorrow, or admiration. I'm quite sure some kind of an exclamation point would spread over your face. After days of preparation, packing

hurry and bustle, at last the house is empty and quiet reigns, for Dr. Bacheler and his wife and Mary are gone and I am alone in this big house.

They left Midnapore on the evening of the 11th. After everything was packed and sent we all went over to Dr. Phillips' to dinner — five-o'clock dinner — and had worship there, then all went to the boat with them. This took about all the vehicles in the mission. The two palkee garries, Dr. Phillips' two-wheeler, the bullock garry, the zenana phaeton, and the push-push. Ever so many of the Bible School students and several of the men of the village went too, so quite a congregation assembled to bid them good-bye. The natives sang some Santal hymns, and then, just as the boat was moving off, we involuntarily burst into the hymn, "In the sweet by and by," and after singing one verse they took up the next on the boat, and it did sound so sweet as they floated farther and farther away from us. We turned and left them, thanking God for a "by and by." It was a beautiful moonlight evening, but very warm. They cannot get directly on the canal steamer here, but have to take a smaller boat and be taken to the other. The accommodations are not very good on the steamer, and I shall be anxious to know how Mrs. Bacheler stood the journey, for she was quite worn out in getting off, and I was in constant anxiety that last day fearing she would give out entirely, but she kept up bravely. May they be kept in safety, and gladden many hearts in their old home.

Now for the work here. It seems sometimes simply presuming and absurd that I, with only six months' opportunity for acquiring a knowledge of the language, or of the manners and customs of the people, should attempt to stand in the place which has been occupied by veterans. I shall doubtless get some hard knocks to pay for it, but there seemed no other way, and though I'm afraid the work cannot advance much for a while, if I can keep it from slipping back, something will be gained. Of course I'm not meaning to say that I'm alone entirely, for Dr. Phillips and his wife are full of interest in everything, and it may be, really consider the care is theirs, but that does not make my responsibility less, and their own work or department of work fills their hands to overflowing.

I have the zenana work made over to me, and a school which is called the Christian village school, but in which the majority of the children are Hindus, and the accounts of the church are left in my hands. I was elected treasurer, but the

native preacher does the work, only I keep the accounts and hold the money. Then, as I am keeping house, of course there is the care of the establishment, which consists of two teams for the zenanas (palkee garries, horses, and their drivers), a bullock garry for the same use and its driver, a cook for myself, a man who brings water, looks out for the garden (vegetable and flower), and does out-door work generally, and another man who looks after the house throughout. The sweeping, making of beds, cleaning, dusting, the depredations of the white ants, etc., all these require care, and the animals must have food. I don't have to feed the men, as they live in their own houses not far away, and do not require much wages, the lowest about six cents a day, and the highest about ten cents. By having these men for my own help (the drivers are paid from zenana funds), I can give my whole time to missionary work proper. In the morning I have the girl teachers (zenana teachers) till nine o'clock, then my pundit till ten, then breakfast when it is getting to be the middle of the day and I cannot go outside, and can do little things of work inside, and most always take a nap, sometimes only a few minutes, sometimes an hour, sometimes not at all. Have dinner about half-past two, and go to zenana work with the girls at three, usually get back about sundown, sometimes later, sometimes a little earlier, but you see there is enough to keep me busy. I expect we shall change the programme somewhat, for I am very desirous that the girls should be in better hands than mine for teaching, as of course I can merely listen while they recite, and insist on perfect lessons, but that is not my method of teaching at all. I believe in the use of the tongue in the school-room. I think it can be arranged somehow before long, however. Well, in all this I have been kept from worrying and have been held within that "little fence of trust" which we "build around to-day," and this week's mail brings the glad news that Mr. and Mrs. Griffin are really coming to help us before many months. O, I wish half a dozen were coming.

WELCOMED.

[FROM MRS. EMMA SMITH COLDREN.]

DEAR FRIENDS AND READERS OF THE HELPER: As I have learned that some of my friends have been looking for something from me in the HELPER, I will write you something of

what I am doing and how I am getting along here. The girls have just been dismissed from their sewing-class, to which they come at seven o'clock and work for an hour and a half. There are a number of little ones just learning to sew "over and over," and several who are working on patch-work, and the largest girls, who can do plain sewing very well, are learning to make button-holes and to cut out simple garments. Many of the mothers of these girls were brought up in Miss Crawford's school and learned sewing, but they do not as a rule teach their children to sew. I have been thinking, or trying to think, of some way by which I can get the mothers to teach their daughters to sew. They teach them house-work, but seem to think it is the business of the Memsahib or Missee Baba to do the rest, because, I suppose, they have always done so, but it seems to me that it is mistaken kindness for us to do for them what they can do for themselves, when there is so much for us to do that they cannot do. But we shall have to manage in some way to get them to do this work, and once they get in the habit of it, it will be all right, for it is easy for them to do what they are accustomed to do.

I have been speaking of our native Christian women, and it is only for a generation or two that they have been wearing garments that needed any sewing, and now they wear but few, the main part of their dress being still the straight piece of cloth a yard or so wide and four or five yards long, and it makes a very becoming and decent dress for them when they have a jacket and skirt under it. They make simple little dresses and jackets for the children to wear away from home, and some do at home, but many, I fancy, do as Mrs. Phillips was telling of a woman who told her children when they came home from school to take off their dresses and play in their skin. The latter was less expensive and cost nothing to make or mend. But our Christian people have made a great improvement over the heathen in the way of decent dressing, if in nothing else. It is sometimes very discouraging to see the little progress many of them make in their morals, but I don't know as we ought to expect much better of them when we consider the very little way they are removed from the dense ignorance and superstition of heathenism. You can find the same faults and vices among many of the negroes at the south, who had for generations been kept in utter degradation. Thank God, we have the blessed assurance that His word shall not return unto Him void, but shall accomplish that whereunto He sent it.

So if we can give the word of God to these poor people we shall be doing them inestimable good.

I have of late been taking lead of the woman's prayer-meeting, as best I could. I select a simple plain passage of Scripture and read it to them without comment, as any explanations I could make would not enlighten them, I am sure. They select the hymns and go on with the meeting after the reading, and I usually dismiss them by singing the Doxology. Sunday afternoons or mornings, according to the season, I have a little English Sunday School for the English children of the station. Lately some of the native Christian boys who know something of English have been coming.

There are four orphan boys under the charge of the mission who are in our care. Miss Ida Phillips takes the most care of them, and if they do not grow up to be good men it will not be her fault. I help her what I can with them in looking after their clothes, the making and mending of them. The boys make their own clothes after they are cut and basted. They come to sew in the morning before school-time an hour or two. They are now piecing them some bed-quilts for next cold season. We have built a house for them on the mission premises. An old woman lives with and boards them, for which purpose the mission pays her seventy cents a month, each, which leaves out of the full allowance ten cents a month for each for books and clothes, which you may well imagine does not go far in clothing a boy of eleven or twelve years. Their food here does not cost but a trifle, but the cloth for their clothes is about the same price as it is at home.

We mostly use common white cotton cloth for their pants and jackets, which is all they wear. There is no expense for shoes and hats, for they wear none. But even the cotton cloth they wear costs more than ten cents a month.

At this date no actual work has been done on the chapel, but the money is coming in quite fast from the native brethren, so I think there will be little doubt but they will pay all they have pledged, which was one month's wages for each. The building is a commodious and pleasant one and ought to be repaired immediately. We shall need it very much for the Yearly Meetings this fall, but it will be impossible now to get it done by that time. If the money all comes in this fall that is needed, they can go on with the work after the rains are over, and get it done in the cold season. I do hope it may be done, as it is needed so much.

BALASORE, Aug. 9.

Gleanings.

GATHERED AT THE EXPERIENCE MEETING HELD AT MINNEAPOLIS
ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

"LET us depend upon God for our enthusiasm."

"One great need of the far West is more light—more information."

"The dollars in some sections come hard, but they are consecrated."

"The distances in the West are very great, the churches scattered, and the obstacles large to carrying on the work of organizing."

"Seed sown by the wayside does spring up, and sometimes bears precious fruit. Do not be discouraged because results are not seen at once."

"Special objects for which to ask contributions are good things. To be able to say such an one is *our* missionary, or *our* teacher, brings a direct appeal to the heart."

"Do not forget the missionary's frequent letters," said Mrs. Griffin. "You can grasp each other's hand and get inspiration from looking in each other's faces. The missionary has no such encouragement."

"The whole heart of the West is in the work, but there is a lack of knowledge of the best methods of taking hold efficiently and unitedly. The ministers are ready to be instructed. It is a wonder the churches are doing so well."

"The strength or usefulness of an auxiliary does not depend upon the number of members. One woman really in earnest seeking God's blessing, will, by faithful, patient continuance, win others to sympathetic action."

"This is an hour long coveted, that enables us to meet 'face to face' these widely separated sisters, who have a similar interest in the grand work of spreading the Gospel. May it result in lasting good to all our hearts."

"The benefits of well-regulated, systematic work are manifested in greater zeal, deeper consecration, and increased liberality. But however perfect the machinery, it must be moved by the power of the Holy Spirit, be 'breathed upon from above.'"

Words from Home Workers.

VERMONT.

THE Ladies of the Vermont Yearly Meeting assembled at Waterbury Centre, September 6. On Saturday morning, September 8, they convened at No. 7, Green Mountain Seminary, and, having long felt the need of a more permanent and efficient method by which to prosecute the mission work within the limits of the Vermont Y. M., proceeded to organize themselves into a society, called "Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society." A president was chosen, and a vice-president from each Q. M., also a secretary and treasurer, all in accordance with the new constitution and by-laws just issued. In thus uniting ourselves, we feel confident that more and *better* work can be done. On the evening of September 8 a public meeting of the W. M. Society was holden, which was one of interest, we hope. The essays read were of a high order, and the selections such as were calculated to impress us with the need of earnest work for the saving of famishing souls.

A recitation by Miss Clarissa Smith, of Green Mountain Seminary, entitled "The Prayer of Faith," was such an one as brought tears from many an eye.

The essay entitled "Charity begins at Home," by Miss Alice Sargent, of West Thopsan, Vt., should be put in print at once in the *MISSIONARY HELPER*, that all who read its pages may have the benefit of the same. The singing, and all pertaining to the meeting, was arranged with care, and, judging from the strict attention given by the audience for more than an hour and a half, we trust the meeting was not a failure. A collection was taken at the close, amounting to \$8.00, which, by a unanimous vote of the Society, was appropriated to Home Mission work at Waterbury for "Green Mountain Lodge."

MRS. G. M. PRESCOTT, *Secretary*.

NEW YORK.

Mrs. Bates writes: "Our annual meeting at Elmira seemed the best meeting I ever attended. The presence of our dear missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, inspired a spirit of consecration and work seldom seen in any meeting, and I trust it will last the whole year round.

"The Marilla, N. Y., Mission Band has sent a box valued at \$15.00, including one hundred picture-scrapbooks and one hundred picture-cards for Mrs. Griffin and Mrs. D. F. Smith. It includes also, a nice quilt for Mrs. Griffin, from the bands at Potter and Marilla, and other reminders of home for the workers over the sea."

MICHIGAN.

At the April session of the Calhoun and North Branch Quarterly Meeting, steps were taken toward organizing a Woman's Missionary society. A president *pro tem.* was appointed to call the sisters together and perfect this organization, at Burlington. Accordingly, the ladies met and organized by electing Mrs. Electa Patterson French, of Cook's Prairie church, president, Mrs. T. Cook, secretary and treasurer, and a vice-president was appointed in each church. From the Litchfield church, Mrs. T. M. Southworth; Burlington, Miss Esther Martin;

Cook's Prairie, Mrs. T. Cook ; Clarendon, Mrs. R. Drinkwater ; Girard, Mrs. S. E. Crites ; Hadley's Corners, — Butler.

The first public meeting was held in connection with the quarterly meeting, at South Litchfield, Aug. 18th, Saturday evening being given the society by vote of the Conference. The exercises were conducted by the president, which were opened by reading of Scripture and prayer. These consisted of a select reading by Mrs. F. R. Randall, a selected poem read by Mrs. Alma D. Owen, extracts of a letter from Mrs. Marshall, on "How a Hindu woman does her work," read by the secretary, and an address by our president. Songs interspersed this part of the programme, and ten-minute speeches by the Rev. F. R. Randall and C. D. Berry, followed. Also, words of encouragement from a number of the brethren, after which a collection of \$6.75 was taken for foreign missions. A very good spirit prevailed, and we hope to do much for the Master.

MRS. T. COOK, *Secretary.*

NEBRASKA.

Mrs. Smith writes from Fairbury that a mission society has been formally organized in this Yearly Meeting, with Mrs. M. J. Smith, president, Mrs. H. M. Vose, vice-president, Mrs. C. M. Watkins, secretary, and Mrs. Ruth Grandy, treasurer.

Topic for Monthly Meeting.

"I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."—ST. JOHN x., 9.

CORRECTION.—The letter in "Correspondence" in the last number, which so vividly described Indian modes of traveling, was written by Miss Hattie Phillips, and the experiences were those of herself and her sister Ida.

INDIAN REPORT.—We have received the report of the Indian Mission. It gives a survey of the work of the year, and brings vividly before us the work of the field in its several departments. We think it would be a good investment to reproduce these reports in this country and give them a wide circulation. It would familiarize us with this vast and important work, and "knowledge is power."

LOCKWOOD HALL.—This is one of the buildings which belong to our Institution at Harper's Ferry. It was not built new, and is now in great need of repairs. The interest manifested in finishing Myrtle Hall by rooms has led to the decision to ask auxiliary churches or individuals to raise twenty-five dollars each toward repairing the building. Each party doing this can have the pleasure and privilege of giving a name to a room and so claim a special and continued interest in the school. Please send at once.



Children's Niche.

The Children's Prayer.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

THE dreamy night draws nigh,
Soft airs, delicious, breathe of myriad
flowers,
And on the wings of fragrance fly the hours.
The moon is high;
See, in yon rustic lane,
A cottage bright with vines: one tremu-
lous ray
Steals out to where the silvery moonbeams
play,
From the low casement pane;

Within, two babes their innocent faces bow,
Four little hands clasp softly—spotless
now—

Four rosy lips with holy worship part.
Listen, O worldling, skeptic if thou art,
Those tender vespers make the quick tears
start.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Chinese Foot-Binding.

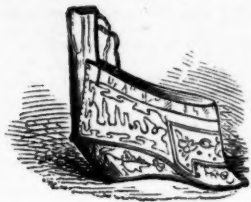
MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:



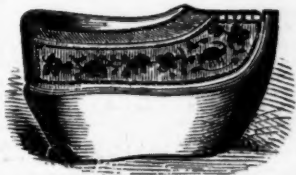
YOU know that in some parts of China the children have their feet bound to make them very small. Perhaps you may have seen some of the little shoes, only a few inches long, which are worn by grown-up people; if not, here are some pictures of them. I have just heard a very sad story illustrating the cruelty of the practice of foot-binding. I will tell it to you, that you may be more thankful

to Him who has given you a home in a land where such a cruel custom is unknown.

While in some parts of China the feet are bound in infancy, in this department of the Canton Province, the feet are allowed to grow until the child has attained the age of twelve or thirteen, when the binding is much more painful. My story has reference to a little girl whose home was in this city. She was twelve years of age, and was the daughter of a Christian man who has only recently entered the church. But her mother is still a heathen.



The child was betrothed into a rich family that wished her feet to be bound very small. Accordingly, about three weeks ago, an old woman who is a professional foot-binder was called, and the feet were bound very, *very* small. Soon, the poor child's sufferings became intense, and with tears she begged her mother to unbind them. This was not only refused, but she was scolded for her unwillingness to bear the pain. When the little girl said she could no longer endure it, and that she would die if her feet were not unbound, her mother only said: "Be patient, and after a while the pain will leave you. You are very bad, indeed, to wish your feet unbound." It is a very rare circumstance for a little Chinese girl to ask her father to hold her, and her sufferings must be great indeed when she does so; but the pain became so excruciating in this case that the little girl begged her father to take her in his arms. While nestling there, she asked him to pray the Lord Jesus to turn the heart of her mother to unbind her feet, and let her go to the mission school and learn to read; or, if not in this, in some other way to deliver her from all her pain. And, truly, the prayer was answered; for, in a few minutes, the little girl's soul left the aching body, and went to the Home above, where no cruel heathen mother can ever again cause her pain. Happily, the sufferings and death of this little girl promise to be not without benefit to the five-year-old sister whom she has left behind. For the mother now says her remaining daughter shall never have her feet bound. It is also to be hoped that this sad lesson may lead the mother to treat kindly a daughter-in-law she is soon to have, one who has been in the mission school three years, and whose natural



feet may bring upon her much ridicule in this city where bound feet are a mark of respectability.

Are you not glad, my dear young friends, that your home is not in China, but that God has given you loving Christian mothers who treat you so tenderly? And will you not often remember to pray for your little Chinese sisters so much less fortunate than you? Your friend,

SOPHIA A. NORWOOD.

— *Little Helpers.*

The Children's Letters.

It is doubtless remembered that Mrs. Griffin and Miss Phillips are each the children's missionary, and they are going to answer the questions which are asked them through your correspondence right here. It may take some time to get the answer, but a "patient waiter is no loser." Already we have these questions asked of Mrs. Griffin:

Johnnie — asks — "What did you see at Port Said which would interest a boy?"

Fannie —, who has just come into a band, wishes to know if the children in India are really so ignorant as not to know that a mud image cannot help them when they pray to it. Who will send in the next questions, and at the same time tell us of your ways of working, and of getting money? Remember this is your corner of the magazine.

The Woman's Board of Missions of the M. E. Church, South, unite with other Woman's Missionary Societies in presenting a petition to Queen Victoria, Empress of India, to abolish child-marriages and the consequent miseries of child-widows in India.

Contributions

FROM SEPTEMBER 1, 1883, TO OCTOBER 1, 1883.

MAINE.			
Acton, Mrs. J. Farnham, for general work.....	\$1 00	Charlestown, Auxiliary.....	3 75
Acton, Mrs. Foster, for Harper's Ferry.....	50	East Otisfield, Auxiliary, for Miss Bachelor's salary and for L. M. of Miss H. E. Bangs.....	6 40
Augusta, Auxiliary, for Emeline..	5 00	Harrison, Auxiliary for native teacher Minnie, and to constitute Mrs. L. W. Raymond L. M.	6 25
Beans Corners, from F. Q. W. M. S.	22 00		
Bradford, Auxiliary	2 25		

Fort Fairfield, for native teacher in Ragged School.....	10 00
Lewiston, for Mamie A. Hewins, for Miss Coombs.....	05
Maple Grove, Cheerful Workers, for scholarship in Industrial and support of Mohenee, \$20, for Industrial School Building, \$5.00.....	25 00
North Lebanon, Auxiliary.....	5 00
Presque Isle, Auxiliary, for F. M.....	3 00
1st Sangerville, Auxiliary.....	1 25
Sebec, Q. M., for Anjanee, \$6.25, for general work, \$2.73.....	8 98
South Parsonsfield, Auxiliary, for native teacher Gouri, and to constitute Mrs. J. Q. Adams L. M.....	8 00
South Limington, Auxiliary.....	4 00
Springvale, Auxiliary, for F. M.....	7 00
Sumner, Auxiliary, for Mrs. Phillips' Ragged School.....	2 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Alexandria, from a friend, for Mrs. Burkholder.....	5 00
Center Sandwich, Mrs. L. B. Tasker, for Harper's Ferry...	5 00
Concord, Auxiliary.....	8 00
Danville, Auxiliary.....	10 00
Dover, Rev. D. Waterman, for Harper's Ferry.....	2 00
Lake Village, Rev. J. L. Sinclair, to constitute him L. M.....	20 00
Meredith Village, for Mrs. Burkholder.....	3 42
Sandwich, Q. M. collection, for Mrs. Burkholder.....	8 58
Sandwich, Auxiliary, 2d church, for Miss Brackett's salary.....	5 00
Water Village, Mrs. Sarah Beaucham for F. M. and to constitute Emilie Wilkinson L. M.....	50 00
Water Village, Mrs. Sarah Pray, for F. M.....	11

VERMONT.

Corinth, Auxiliary.....	1 50
East Williamston, Auxiliary, for Mrs. C. F. Smith.....	3 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Lowell, Paige St., Auxiliary, \$2.00 for Harper's Ferry, \$1.36 for Incidental Fund.....	30 27
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RHODE ISLAND.

Auburn, Church, for Miss H. Phillips' support.....	2 00
Greenville, Auxiliary, for Miss Franklin's salary.....	10 00

Pascoag, Auxiliary, for Miss Hattie Phillips' support.....	12 50
Pascoag, Y. P. Soc., for Miss Ida Phillip's support.....	12 50
Pascoag Y. P. Soc., for Miss Franklin's salary.....	5 00
Pascoag, Y. P. Soc. Incidental Fund.....	1 00
Providence, Greenwich Street Church, A friend, for Miss Hattie Phillips' support....	1 00
Providence, Roger Williams, Auxiliary, for Miss Hattie Phillips' support.....	35 00
Providence, Roger Williams, for Miss Franklin's salary.....	11 25
Providence, Roger Williams, for a friend's salary.....	5 00

NEW YORK.

Auburn, Mrs. E. S. Stiles, one-half each for Harper's Ferry and support of native teacher...	20 00
Friendship, Mrs. F. Hammond, for F. M.....	1 00
West Center, \$4.00, Mrs. Sally Gilbert, and \$2.00, Mrs. B. M. Worth, for F. M.....	6 00

NEW JERSEY.

Newark, Mrs. L. F. Remick, for F. M.....	2 09
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FLORIDA.

St. Augustine, Mrs. E. C. Spencer, toward constituting her L. M.....	10 00
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OHIO.

Prospect, Mrs. Sarah W. Cratney, for F. M.....	2 00
Prospect, Mrs. A. H. Holoerstott, for F. M.....	1 00

ILLINOIS.

Rock River, Q. M. collection, for F. M.....	6 50
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IOWA.

Wilton, Auxiliary, for F. M.....	6 00
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MINNESOTA.

Champlain, Auxiliary, for F. M....	4 00
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Total.....\$427 15

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per MRS. M. S. WATERMAN,
DOVER, N. H. *Assistant Treas.*

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	F. M.	H. M.	Ed. Soc.
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MOSES B. SMITH, *Treasurer.*

CONCORD, N. H., Sept. 30, 1883.

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